

# RHODA ROLAND.

A Woman from the West in Washington.  
The True Story of a Lady Stenographer in Search of a Situation.

By H. S. SUTTON.

## PARTICIPANTS.

RHODA ROLAND—All roads lead to Rome—and offices. M. B. PLEASANTON, one of the Magnates of the Stock Exchange. ORRIN STEVENS, Rhoda's married friend, ready to assist in a good cause. TOM BAXTER, bred in "Bohemia" and never got out of it. MRS. EDENWORTH, room-mate of Rhoda. JUDGE BARNSTABLE, M. C., "twist devil" and the deep sea.

## CHAPTER V. AN INITIATION.

I arrived in Washington, with my little girl in one hand and a guitar case, filled with her clothes, in the other, at 8.30 Saturday morning. I found a room in the depot where my trunk could remain in storage during the day, and started out for breakfast. Crossing a wide street—the name of which I afterwards found to be Pennsylvania Avenue, and known as "The Avenue," by all Washington—occupied several minutes, due to my attempts at dodging a stream of bicycles, automobiles, and the like. One young fellow on a wheel looked at me in disgust and yelled, "stand still!" When I reached the curb I was a victim to the wheel craze. "It is the first thing I try," I asserted.

After breakfast I returned to the waiting room in the depot. I inquired of the matron if she knew of any place in the city where they boarded half-orphaned; that I wanted a place I could leave my little girl while I looked for employment.

"Have you got the money to pay her board?" was her inquiry.

I told her I had some funds at my disposal.

"Most of them will rob you to start on, and they'll all ask you the same question I did. You might try the—"

"One moment, till I get my notebook."

"There's the Children's Country Home, out on the Grant Road; there's a children's home on Pennsylvania Avenue near Twenty-first—315. I believe the number is; the Bruen Home, at 430 M. street, and the Maubly, at 230 C. street northwest. You might try that one first; it's the closest."

I thanked her and departed. Just outside the station a half-grown colored boy inquired if the lady didn't want the grip carried, pointing to the guitar case.

I asked if he could pilot me to the number the lady had just given me.

"Way up there! Give me a quarter first and I'll go with you and show you where it is."

I paid him, gave him the guitar case, and we started out.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Watson."

"Is Watson your first name or your last name?"

"Both."

"How do you make that?"

"Me fadder name's Watson and me mudder knew a man named Watson she wanted me called after, so dey made it Watson Watson."

"Way up there," he proved to be about three blocks. I left Watson seated on the step at the gate, with the guitar case on his knee, while I rang the bell. I stepped into the parlor, on the bell being answered, and soon concluded satisfactory arrangements for the care of my little girl. They had a number of boys, the lady stated, and would endeavor to give a member of the opposite sex every attention. I stepped to the gate to turn the child's clothes over to them. Watson was not in sight, neither was the guitar case. I told the lady my predicament.

"I will report the case to the Sixth Precinct, just here on New Jersey. Lucky you inquired his name. You say it was Watson Watson?"

After kissing my little girl good-bye and thanking the lady, at the same time telling her I would make some purchases of children's underwear as soon as I could find a boarding house, I started out. In the order named I visited the Burton, the Anderson, the Crosby, the Magnolia, the Park View, the Legend, and the Astoria, finding something not too expensive, with an environment of respectability, and, if possible, the company of some young ladies.

Up one street and down another I tramped, with varying experience, from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.

One old woman on Eleventh street, I believe it was, told me I could cook, eat, or sleep in the room; could come out, or go when I got good and ready, but that I could not advertise. I told her I had nothing to advertise unless it was the fact I was looking for a job.

Well, along in the afternoon I discovered a line of boarding houses, about four blocks long, on Thirteenth street. On the steps of the Ardmore was a bevy of good looking ladies, in mood elastic. I was watching them, intending when they went in to step up and ring the bell—I had an idea that would about suit me—when I heard a whistle blow.

"There," said I, "factory hands just quitting work. I'll go down on the Avenue and the first group of girls I meet I'll follow and by that means find quarters."

I walked on the Avenue as far east as Ninth street; nothing like a factory girl in sight. Yes, here are four ladies crossing the street abreast, all talking at the same time. They go up Ninth and turned into E street. I follow, to see them enter a large boarding house. In a few moments I rang the bell. A handsome lady, a brunette, of rather stout build, with black hair, came to the door.

"I was looking for a boarding place," I began. "I noticed four factory girls, and I thought—"

"She laughed," she replied, with the sweetest of smiles, "where those ladies work is known as the Bijou Theatre. I keep a theatrical boarding house. Are you a member of the profession?"

Here was the shattering of an idol. I had always fancied the proprietress of a theatrical boarding house was over-fat, over 40, and a broken-down actress. I actually reeled at the contemplation of the contrast between the real and the ideal.

"You look faint! Come right in," and the lady half-carried me into a cozy sitting room. "Jane!" she called. "A cup of tea and some toast," of which I partook with such relish that

OLGA Members of the Group of Six. ZALDA LYBRAND, pianist, a bird of passage. TONY LENTZ, a boyhood friend back in the old home. MRS. GRANT, with "Apartments to Let." DENNIE GRANT, a typical Washington boy, and VIOLETTA—Who the d—l is Violetta?

before I realized it she had me seated at the dining-room table; was cutting my meat for me, and treating me as if I were a child, instead of a grown woman near her own age. While eating, she told me that she had not a vacant room, but knew just the house for me.

"Jane will go with you over to Mrs. Grant's, and carry the umbrella, as I see it is beginning to sprinkle. I often send her a roomer or two when the extravaganzas are on. It's the best place in the town for a girl."

She refused to accept any compensation for my supper, and, with Jane as an escort, I was soon seated in Mrs. Grant's parlor.

"I can put you in with Mrs. Edenworth. Olga and Ida occupy the adjoining room, so you will not lack for company. There is no key to give you. The front door is never locked."

After resting a moment, to the depot I repaired after my trunk. Securing the services of an aged colored man and his push-cart for 25 cents, we were soon back at the Grant domicile.

"I think my room is up a flight or so. You wouldn't mind carrying the trunk up on the landing, would you?"

"I'll cost you another quarter, Miss."

I had an idea I was being imposed upon, but before I could make reply a stockily-built lad came down the stairs with: "You can escape!" and turning to me, as he flung the trunk upon his shoulders, said: "I'll show you to your room. It's on the first floor."

"The first floor?" I responded.

"Yes—counting down."

At the top landing we were greeted with the sound of scurrying footsteps, and a feminine voice, "Don't come in here!"

"I've got the trunk of the lady going to room with Mrs. Edenworth," said my escort.

"Oh, is that you, Dennie? Wait a minute. All right now."

The young man motioned for me to enter the room and I started down the stairs. I pushed the half-open door. At another door just opposite a girl's head was visible. She was holding a garment in front of her. Seeing only a member of her own sex present, she came into the room.

"Take a seat here on the sofa. Wait a minute, and she picked up a skirt and tossed it on the bed. I'll fix you a bit comfortable with a pillow for your head. You look tired. My name is Olga."

"Roland."

"Yes, Mrs. Grant told me as I came up. I was just changing my dress. When you are rested I'll help you in with your trunk. You can use one of the closets in this room. In the other part, I pushed the half-open door. At another door just opposite a girl's head was visible. She was holding a garment in front of her. Seeing only a member of her own sex present, she came into the room.

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give me about work or wages in the city?" was my next inquiry.

"I know that the building trades and a few others—there's Ida."

Some one was coming upstairs three steps at a time.

"Did you find those dough-nuts?" said a tall brunette, with a white plume in her hat, and an inclination to be stoop-shouldered, as she dragged a number of garments from a closet.

"Oh! I had no idea you had company!" as her eye fell on yours truly extended at full length on the sofa.

"Miss Ida," said Olga, "this is Mrs. Roland, who is to room with us—or, rather, with Miss Edenworth."

"I am glad to meet you," said Ida.

By this time she had the coveted bag of dough-nuts in her possession, and proceeded to pass them out.

"As I was saying," resumed Olga, "the heavier trades maintain their wages through the Central Labor Union. In the last few years the clerks in the retail stores have been enabled to shorten their hours and markedly better their condition."

"Through what agency?"

"Due to the fact that the number of employees in the Navy Yard, the Bureau of Engraving, and the Government Printing Office, where each and every class of labor has its organization, has been materially increased. The merchants looked to these people for their patronage and they gave it when they found an early-closing card in the window. In addition, a clerks' association, now, I understand, a flourishing body, was formed. You go into every store in this town, with one notable exception, and you will find the male clerk a Hebrew and the female clerk an Irish girl."

"The Mick and the Jew," chimed in Ida, between the bites of a dough-nut.

"It's pretty hard to beat a combination like that."

"You seem to be well posted," said I to Olga.

"Well, you see, I was born and raised over in the Navy Yard section. I had two sweethearts who worked at the Bureau. One of them talked shop with me at the printing office of the sixty."

As to the Printing Office, I am not so well acquainted, Alma says you will not exhaust the fingers of a hand counting the thoroughbreds in that institution. From whistle blow to whistle blow they are dead to the world. They need a guide, according to Alma, if they ever get west of the dead line."

"What does she call the dead line?" asked Ida.

"New Jersey Avenue," was Olga's response.

"Edna and I met two Printing Office boys one evening, who were on their way home. You remember Ed? Well, one night Ed met us on the Avenue. He says: 'Just practice standing still for a minute. You know how young girls will dance around. Here comes Fifty-five.'"

Introduce you, Fifty-five is all right. We went together to the old first."

A young man joined us just then, and Ed says: 'Miss Ida, this is Fifty-five; Fifty-five, Miss Ida.' And I introduced him to Edna use same way. He was loaded with quips. He said: 'He was most too long a name for him to remember. You would call him 'Bo' for short, and 'Bo' it was the balance of the evening. We had more fun than a box of monkeys. Took the rear seat of a Glen Echo car and rode out to the end of the line. That fellow told jokes, couplets, and stories all the way. I thought it was never run out of material. Coming back, he was better in that direction than before. I asked him his source of supply. He said he got them in the alley. I said: 'What alley?' and he said: 'Alley Thirteen.'"

Isn't that a funny name for an alley? But then there are two. One half street and a Six-and-a-half street. I guess there must be an Alley Thirteen. I told him it must be an unlucky place, and he said it was; that there were five fires in one week in that alley—of six possibilities. He was the sixth man. It was devilish unlucky."

For the other fellow, when we got back down town, the boys took us to a restaurant. 'Now, don't be afraid to take out,' says Fifty-five, as he handed me the bill of fare. 'You are welcome to the best in the house. Suppose, us girls wanted to go home alone; did not want them to know where we lived. They caught onto that fact in a second. Say, those Southern boys certainly do treat you white. Ed's from the South. He says: 'When we get within three blocks of the house of either one of you, you yell, and we'll turn around and go the other way. And they did it; never looked back once. We stood there and watched them. The Washington boy would have hid behind a tree box or spun around the block; he'd been a rubbernecking for an hour.'

"Do the departmental people all carry a number?" I asked, thinking of Tony's story of my being provided with uniform.

"Oh, by no means," said Olga.

"These gentlemen were compositors, evidently, in the Printing Office, where they are designed by the boys as 'Bo'."

"You seem to be so well acquainted," says I to Olga, "I wish you would go shopping with me Monday. I must get some children's underwear and at once."

Then I proceeded to tell them of my encounter with Watson Watson.

"I'd go over to Hockley or Friedlander's," said Olga. They are both on Seventh street. But I can't go with you, and am sorry you asked me."

"And why?"

"Well, you see, when I first lived down town I roomed at the Algonquin and one woman roomed over who was not S. S.—strictly straight. I was foolish enough to be seen on the street with them. The fly-cop would see us together, and their motto is 'Tell me who you run with and I'll tell you who you are.' I would like to say to every girl in the town, 'Be careful who you go alone. Ida does the same thing. We have roomed here for more than a year, and are never seen on the street together. Take Miss Edenworth along.'"

"Do either of you know how I could get an insight into the several examinations one is supposed to take?"

"Yes," said Olga. "A number of these institutes and colleges give a regular civil-service course. Wood's College, up Capitol Hill, is preparing people all the time."

"I don't mean exactly that. I want a coach; some one familiar with the routine. I can attend to the studies. I'm a stenographer and typewriter. I'm an extraordinarily proficient."

"You are looking for another Tom Baxter," said Olga.

"Who is he?" was my response.

"Oh, he's a fellow round town. I never met him. I've heard the girls speak of him. He knows most everybody and everything. He writes, I think, for some big daily paper."

(To be continued.)

## MRS. R. O. GOULDING

At the Buffalo Exposition for The Sunday Globe.

## INITIAL LETTER ON THE SHOW

Interesting Description of the Events up to Date as they Appear to a Newspaper Woman with a Keen Perception for the Striking and Salient in the Great Panorama of Pan-American—Dedication Ceremonies, etc.

Buffalo, N. Y., June 3, 1901.

Buffalo did not hold its pride on Dedication Day. Everybody was out in their best gowns and spirits, and determined to make it a memorable day, not only in the annals of the Exposition but in the history of the city. Dedication Day at the Exposition! What a world of realized hopes, rewarded sacrifices, and returns from patient toil that implies! All unaltered, Buffalo has built and paid for the most magnificent Exposition ever inaugurated in America, and it is doubtful if even the Paris Exposition compares favorably with the Pan-American.

And then the electrical display. There never was anything like it. Ever and anon, in passing through the various buildings, I hear some one ask his companion: "Do you think this is the best of the World's Fair?" and the reply is sure to be heard: "In many respects it is superior to the World's Fair, and in the electrical display it beats the world."

I am not the advertising agent of the Pan-American Exposition, but in simple justice must say that the exposition is well worth traveling many miles to see, and the expenditure of many more dollars to enjoy.

Suppose we are visiting the Pan-American for the first time. We enter at the Amherst street gate. The best here the first thing that greets the eye is a model of the various States of the Union, and the descriptions, artistically arranged and making a pleasing background, as it were, to the buildings beyond. The first building we enter is the Agricultural Hall. Here, as would be naturally expected, the various States of the Union, and some South Americans, have displayed the choicest fruits of the soil. In a future letter I will give more detailed accounts of these exhibits. On Saturday night, June 1st, the Agricultural Hall was formally opened by a reception having been planned for that night, to which all exhibitors, the directors of the Exposition, and a few other invited guests were invited. This reception is given by Prof. Frank A. Converse, superintendent of the Agricultural Hall.

From present indications it is installing the exhibits has, for the past week, been at work on a report showing the exact state of completion in all the buildings on the grounds. This is the first authentic statement given out regarding the actual state of completion of the Exposition. From this it is seen that in the Machinery and Transportation Building, Graphic Arts, Ordnance Building, Stadium, Electricity Building, Manufacturers and Liberal Arts, Dairy Building, Agricultural, Horticultural, Ethnology and Forestry Building, and the Model Exhibits, comprising some 747 exhibits, an average of about 80 per cent of the exhibits are in place and ready for visitors.

The Mines Building is complete, and was opened by a reception given by Dr. Day, superintendent of the Government Mining Exhibits, and in charge of the building.

Other exhibits are being rapidly placed, and visitors who wish to come to Buffalo now need not fear they will not have enough to see. As the official catalogue says, the problem of starting is the only one which those contemplating visiting the Exposition will meet, and that is so easy that it is answered by the single word "Start."

The Exposition grounds are thirty minutes' ride from the center of the city. The general plan of the grounds can be compared to an inverted "Y" with the cross-arm as the Esplanade extending east and west, and the vertical stem extending north, terminating in the Propylaea or entrance to the railway station. The Court of Centuries and east to the Agricultural Building, and then turns and forms the Mirror Lake.

Facing the Esplanade on the north is the Cascade Fountain, and at either end are the Esplanade Fountains, surrounded with statuary of every description. The Esplanade is designed to hold 250,000 people, and on Dedication Day with more than a hundred thousand people strolling around these grounds, it was evident the Esplanade would accommodate the full number of people contemplated in the original design.

In all previous expositions the main feature has apparently been the architectural work. Not so at the Pan-American. Here the color scheme has gone hand in hand with the architectural designs, and the result is pleasing to the eye. The plan represents both efforts, and is after the design by C. Y. Turner, representing the fierce struggle of "man to overcome the elements." In other words, as one enters the grounds, on the left will be seen the buildings representing "elements," and on the right those representing man and his affairs, or that which man has gained after long years of struggling to overcome the elements.

The coloring begins with deep red, blue, green and gold, and gradually blending in tints and growing more delicate until the Electric Tower is reached, and here it again commences in a deep green hue as near the color of the waters of Lake Erie as it is possible to get. The tower itself is a cream white, and colored with blue, green and gold from bottom to top, until the figure on the top is reached, which represents all that man has accomplished over the elements.

The grounds are provided with seven entrances. The north entrance is for those arriving by railway, all the different transportation lines coming in to one depot. This is also the gate for those coming from Niagara Falls and Lockport, from which trolley cars run

# DON'T THROW ME AWAY!

For I am of Unusual Importance. SEE!

Here is an opportunity to get an Electric Comb that CURES ALL SCALP AILMENTS and HEADACHES at the same price you would pay for an ORDINARY rubber comb.

## DR. WHITE'S ELECTRIC COMBS

Herewith is a sample of general public opinion where these combs have been introduced. Part of an article that appeared in the Western Trade Journal, January 23, 1900, printed at Chicago:

### A GENUINE NOVELTY.

It is interesting to note that fortunes are frequently made by the invention of articles of minor importance. Some of these are invented solely for safety and convenience, and when really meritorious, gain extraordinary popularity and are sold by the thousands. Many of these articles evince much inventive and mechanical skill and their success depends on the interest they excite. Among the most popular devices are those designed to benefit people and meet popular conditions, and one of the most interesting of these that has ever been introduced is the Dr. White Electric Comb, the name of which affords an indication of its character. This device is as valuable as it is novel, and is full of satisfaction to all. Thousands of these Electric Combs have been sold in the various cities of the Union, and the demand is constantly increasing. Lovers of convenience and health adore the superiority of Dr. White's Electric Comb over everything of the kind now before the public. It is new, practical, durable and is just what every one has long desired.

Not only is the Dr. White Electric Comb a source of satisfaction to all, but it is a real boon to the scalp. It does more than the manufacturers claim for it. One lady claims that it made her feel "ten years younger," because it had saved her from headaches and nervous conditions which, before its use had been almost unbearable and had aged her perceptibly.

From present indications this novelty will prove to be a money-maker, and is at the same time one of the most interesting ever introduced.

### WHAT THE COMBS WILL DO: POSITIVELY CURES DANDRUFF, HAIR FALLING OUT, SICK AND NERVOUS HEADACHES, and makes straight hair curly in from twenty-five to forty days' time (unless a brush is used in connection with the comb).

The combs are the most wonderful and valuable article ever placed before the people. The doctors everywhere are recommending them.

We could give hundreds of testimonials from the people who have used them, but we realize that the best testimonials would not be half as effective or convincing as a fair trial for our goods, and in order to induce the people to give them a trial we are selling a limited number of them at prices that any intelligent person realizes that they take no chances to lose, but everything to gain. In appearance these combs are very similar to an ordinary aluminum comb, but are of a much smoother finish, and are much more elastic.

### WHAT THEY COST WHILE WE ARE INTRODUCING THEM.

Pocket size, 10, 15 and 20 cents; fine combs, 30 and 35 cents; dressing combs, 25, 30, 35, 50 and 80 cents each.

The aluminum that these combs have been made from undergoes an eight weeks' electrical process in which medicine, electricity and heat are used before it is made into combs. This leaves the combs in a medicated condition. The medication is imparted from the comb to the scalp through the friction obtained in combing the hair. There has been 15,000 combs sold on a written guarantee since they were patented February 2, 1899, and only three have been returned.

### THESE ARE THE ONLY COMBS IN THE WORLD THAT HAS A PATENT ON THEM.

The fact alone that these combs are patented is a very plausible proof that the combs possess medicinal properties. For practical use they are ten times as cheap as any comb you can possibly buy. Why? Because they will last twenty times as long. They are practically unbreakable, seldom, if ever, need cleaning, will last a lifetime and always remain the same. No plate to wear off, being solid metal all through.

### WE WANT MORE AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

BIG MONEY IS NOW BEING MADE IN EVERY STATE BY BOTH MEN AND WOMEN. These combs sell on sight. Over half of the more intelligent class of people buy them. Call on or address

D. N. ROSE, General Manager,  
437 NORTH MAIN STREET, DECATUR, ILL.

## BONNE BOUCHE COMPLEXION POWDER.

"ITS PURE" ALL DRUGGISTS 25 cents.

## Perpetual Account Books.

Save MONEY, LABOR, TIME and SPACE.

Full information from

R. P. ANDREWS & CO.,  
627 La. Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.

## A FAIR SKIN

## HOW TO GET IT

Spring finds the pores closed and the skin in need of such treatment as will relieve the pores of impurities secreted during the winter; this treatment is furnished by Mlle. Hughes, the world's foremost dermatologist, parlor 52, Atlantic Building. M-19-21

## P. J. LYNCH.

Fine Wines, Liquors, and Cigars,  
1225 E Street Northwest,  
Celtic Whiskey a Specialty. Open 4 A. M.

In my opinion the merchants have no business whatever with mechanical work.

The American mechanics appeal to our generous citizens for help in a just cause.

Sol Smith Russell is so completely restored to health that plans for his starting tour next fall are now being arranged by his manager, Mr. Fred Berger. Mr. Russell has passed the winter in Washington, which, by the way, is rapidly growing in popularity as a health resort.

Frank L. Perley went over to Paris from London a week or two ago. He expects to return home next month and will probably then proceed to carry out his long cherished intention of organizing his own opera company, without "stars."

Francis Wilson has signed with G. W. Lederer for the forthcoming production of "The Strollers" at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York.

Wm. P. Flack,  
Registered Plumber and Gas Fitter.  
Cor. 3d and H Sts. N. W.  
Phone Main 117-2.